

Fire in London, Nov. 20, destroyed property valued at \$15,000,000.

Only ten young men have been killed in the United States this year in the "healthy sport" called football.

The Atlanta Constitution says, "The Hon. Potiphar Paagreen still lives." Of course he does. He's ubiquitous, too.

One would suppose that republican prosperity is getting in its work on Massachusetts cotton mill men in great shape, from the way they are roaring.

BETWEEN them, the Ohio doctrine of total depravity and President McKinley's policy are said to be keeping John Sherman remarkably busy.

It seems that the tariff bonus is not sufficient for the Massachusetts cotton mill men. They want to turn the federal government into a machine for preventing competition of southern rivals.

In a street duel at Waco Texas, last Friday, between J. W. and W. A. Harris and Col. Gerald, growing out of the troubles raised by Brann's paper, the lionelast, the Harris brothers were killed and Col. Gerald seriously wounded.

The Pemiscot county court has sued Louis Houck for possession of 40,000 acres of land deeded to him a few years ago. Suit is brought on the grounds that the county had no right to deed the land away.

Dr. HUGHES, the celebrated St. Louis physician, presented a bill to the administrator of the Joseph B. McCullagh estate amounting to \$5,000 for professional services during McCullagh's illness. The great editor of the Globe-Democrat was certainly a poor judge of men, or he would have left a contract with Hughes, so that his administrator would know how to appraise the high-toned physician who presents a bill for \$10 to \$15 per visit.

The Dunklin Democrat says the largest egg-case factory in the world is located at Cardwell, in that county. It employs 90 men and ships 400 car loads of cases a year. It is a factory formerly run in Deatur, Ind., and moved to Dunklin county last August. The company has bought 3,500 acres of timber land, and the timber on 11,000 acres additional. The pay-roll amounts to \$4,500 monthly.

The Poplar Bluff Citizen says that if a halt is not made soon, the swamp land attorneys will bankrupt Butler county. Marshall and Edwards obtained judgment against the county for \$13,500. H. N. Phillips has instituted a suit for \$11,645, and other attorneys have been allowed fees ranging from \$50 to \$250, for services in "perfecting" Butler's title to swamp lands. Verily the Butler county swamp lands must be a well feathered, juicy and fit goose for attorneys to take a whack at.

The picturesque rise and fall of Hanna—for if he should squeeze in to the senate by the skin of his teeth it would be virtual defeat—constitute a singular episode in American politics. A year and a half ago he was unknown as a national or even local politician. A year ago he lorded it over the country as the man, the Warwick, who had nominated McKinley for president and was the main instrumentality in his election. Now it is extremely doubtful if he can be elected to the senatorship by a republican legislature in a state which gave the republican candidate for governor 40,000 majority! Mushroom greatness in this country does not long survive. Its decay is as rapid as its growth.

The treasury receipts for the first two weeks of November show no improvement over those of October. The deficit for the month already amounts to \$5,235,732, with no prospect of a reduction during the rest of the month. The Dingley deficiency since Aug. 1 is \$45,000,000. This condition of affairs will furnish an interesting subject of study next month for a congress which will have to consider the appropriation bills. A continuing deficit should not be without its influence on the advocates of Hawaiian annexation, naval armaments, increased pensions, river and harbor jobs, and all other devices, old and new, for increasing the expenses of government. Incidentally it should suggest to the president and to Mr. Dingley the need for a revenue bill to supplement the deficiency-producing trust tariff.

"We are opposed to trusts. Why? Because we believe in equality" be-

fore the law. We believe so much in that doctrine that we insist that no combination of capital shall attempt to trespass upon the rights of the weaker members of the industrial community. My friends, our children are growing up. They are to take our places in the walks of life, and my aim is by preventing the trusts, by annihilating the trusts, to make it so that my son shall have an equal chance in the race for life with every other man's son. (Applause) And if you ask me why it was that in the last campaign the mothers took more interest in politics than they had done in years before; if you ask me why it is that now, when there is no campaign on, the mothers are interested in this question, I tell you it is because they love their children, and they will fight the trusts until they disappear from the land. —William J. Bryan, at St. Louis.

**How They Fight Him.**  
Chauncey I. Filley's letter and interviews in the St. Louis papers have aroused the ire of certain republican statesmen. Below we give part of an interview with L. W. Chase, a Kirkville republican boss, as a specimen of the way they are roasting "de ole man":

"Had it not been for Mr. Filley's insatiable greed, and his disposition to override everything and everybody, people would have had some compassion on him, and at least respected what he said, now that he is on the superannuated list. But he has made himself so disagreeable, and constantly snapped and snarled at men who are better than he is, until the public will welcome his political demise."

"Some men don't know when they are dead politically, and this seems to be Mr. Filley's chief ailment. Nothing so becomes a corpse as quiet repose, and this is a lesson the few friends Mr. Filley has left should impress up his mind. Intelligent republicans understand exactly what is wrong between Mr. Filley and Mark Hanna. Mr. Hanna sized Mr. Filley up, and built a fence around the republican campaign committee so high that he couldn't climb over it. Mr. Filley is not wanted in Ohio or anywhere else, and the time is near at hand when he will be left to flock by himself, not only in Missouri, but in St. Louis. He will disappear, unwept and unsung."

**Measuring a Tree.**  
He is not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable; but he is remarkable, for he asks but few questions, and does much thinking. If he does not understand he whistles. There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.  
"Measured it."  
"How?"  
"Foot rule and yard stick."  
"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.  
"No! I just found the length of the shadow and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes?"  
"Yes; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer."  
"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.

Sir Nicholas Bacon had once to sentence a number of malefactors to be hanged. One of these, by name Hogg, pleaded hard for mercy, and among other pleas, put in the fact of kinship. "Nay," says Bacon, "how do you make that out?" Says the prisoner: "My name is Hogg, and yours is Bacon, and Hogg has ever been kin to Bacon." "Not," says Bacon, "and it has been well hanged," and forthwith confirmed the sentence.

Little Harry—Mamma, did papa ask you to be his wife?

Mamma—Why, of course, darling. Little Harry—And you were acquainted with him then?  
Mamma—My dear child, what makes you ask such absurd questions? Certainly I was acquainted with him.  
Little Harry—The way you and him talks sometimes I thought you mustn't be acquainted, or else one of you needed a home party bad.

A dashing St. Louis widow has a sprightly daughter of about 17. This daughter, whose name is Jennie, met a schoolgirl chum by the name of Mamma, who asked:  
"Mama, how are you and your mother coming?"  
"We don't get along at all. If a fellow comes along and I like him and mamma don't like him, then I can't marry him; but if mamma likes him, then she tries to marry him herself," replied Jennie, blowing a tired sigh from her lips.—Exchange.

**The Father's Sacrifice.**  
They had loaded up the night before And put in the spring seat. For a bright and early start to town To sell the load of wheat. And they'd need no introduction As they drove in town that day, You would know that they were farmers From their unpretending way.

All day long the good wife hurried In and out from store to store, Trying hard to stretch one dollar To the buying power of four; And she must have quite succeeded, If a good load signifies There were packages and bundles Of every shape and size.

Who'er would learn economy Of a practical, plain nature, May count upon the farmer's wife As a most efficient teacher. There were groceries for the winter, And some stout shoes for the boys, There were tablets, slates and pencils, Master two years had some toys,

And the lady had a soft, warm hood, (The precious little elf); There was something there for all of them Excepting one—herself. When about to start for home, Some ribbons caught her eye. Woman-like she stopped to see them, Saying with a wistful sigh:

"Look, father, see how pretty, And Jennie needs them so, Her winter dress is getting old, And is not in style, you know; And she has been invited To sing in church this year, So I'll think she looks too shabby, And not well dressed, I fear."

The father hesitated, Was he going to refuse? "There's hardly any money left, And that I meant for shoes," Then he thought of pretty Jennie, Who would watch for them that night, And with sparkling eyes he bade the clerk Measure off the ribbon bright.

Men of means who lay their hands Everything that they can dream Cannot know the loving sacrifice That this poor father felt. God bless you, farmer father, Try you well at you who choose: God bless the farmer father, Who went without the shoes! —L. May Watson, in Detroit Free Press.

**Meeting of State Industrial Associations.**  
The state board of agriculture will convene at Lexington, Missouri, December 6-10, 1897, a meeting of the state industrial associations.

Swine breeders will hold their annual meeting at this time with their first session at 7:30 p. m. Monday, December 6, and will continue on Tuesday at 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. All questions pertaining to the breeding and management of swine, the care of brood sows, and diseases and sanitary regulations will be thoroughly discussed. Exhibition of swine Monday and Tuesday.

Horse breeders will meet Wednesday, December 8, at 10 a. m. Talks will be made on the horse industry, the saddle horse in Missouri and the breeder's bill and such other action taken as the interest may demand.

Cattlemen will meet Wednesday, December 8, at 1:30 p. m. Improved breeds of cattle, cattle breed ing, cattle industry in Missouri, quarantine laws and Texas fever and the organization of an improved cattle breeder's association will be considered.

The poultry association will meet Wednesday, December 8, at 7:30 p. m., and consider the poultry industry in Missouri, how best to award premiums, practical poultry culture and other matters that will advance the interest of the industry in this state. On Thursday the 9th, this association will make the finest display of fowls ever exhibited in the state.

The road improvement association will convene Thursday, December 9, at 7:30 p. m. Every phase of the road question will be discussed. Road location, construction, maintenance and necessary legislation will be fully discussed by men conversant with the subject. County judges are invited to be present in person or by delegates from their courts. Rock crushers, grails and other road machinery will be on exhibition.

Reduced transportation. All persons attending should buy tickets on the certificate plan. Ask your ticket agent for full instructions. If 100 certificates are secured and presented to the secretary, a rate of one and one-third fare will be made. Address the undersigned for full particulars and programs of all these meetings. J. R. RIPP, Secretary Board of Agriculture.

**As True as Gospel.**  
Vanity is a dangerous slander. Silence is sometimes slander. Life is a short session, devoted to unfinished business.

There are three crowns: The crown of the law, the crown of the priesthood, and the crown of royalty; but the crown of good name is superior to them all.

Nothing is so narrow, contracting, hardening as always to be moving in the same groove, with no thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us.

A good and wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved at it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.

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## J. W. REVELLE, LUTESVILLE,

#### Our Correspondents.

**ZALMA.**  
A. J. McMin sprained his ankle a few days ago.  
Died—Near Brownwood, Nov. 20, Minard Christenberry, aged 68 years. He was buried in the Green-brier cemetery on the 21st.

J. W. Dixon came home from Marble Hill last Saturday.  
Dr. J. C. Cullage went to Illinois last week to practice medicine. His son Charles accompanied him.

Miss Harriet James was very sick last week.  
Leo Slinkard is here for a few weeks, visiting his father, J. V. Slinkard.

John Grisham and wife of Belgrade are here visiting relatives.  
The family of J. V. Slinkard and A. J. McMin, Leo Slinkard and John Grisham went on a hunt Monday.

J. W. Dixon had charge of the postoffice Monday.  
The foundation for R. James' new store is finished.

**ALLEN ABOON.**

**Is the World Growing Better?**  
An eastern paper says it is and in support of the theory talks about the great modern improvements. Such argument is very weak when considered from a moral standpoint. All will admit that our paved streets, railways, electric lights and thousands of other things make it more convenient than in the olden times, and if the people could use and enjoy them by paying a reasonable price they would certainly be a blessing. We all remember the old story entitled "Knowledge is power," in which it clearly shows that power may be a bad as well as a good thing. When trusts and combines get possession of all the modern conveniences, (and they have them now) they simply rob the people and keep them in poverty.

Is the world growing better from a moral standpoint? We are told that it is and all good men and women wish that it is true, but a few facts and figures taken from reliable authority is sufficient to make us doubtful.

The Missouri state prison was founded in 1836 and 15 prisoners were received the first day. During the year one received a pardon, leaving 17 at the close. How does this compare with the 2,000 prisoners of today?

In the year 1886 the number of murders in the United States reached the 1,000 mark for the first time. Since then they have increased each year until, in 1895, the enormous total of 10,212 were perpetrated.

I believe the fault lies in our institutions, which have for years been developing a class of money barons on the one hand and paupers on the other. As long as people are kept in poverty and ignorance so long will crime increase and the world will not grow better.

Let us pray that leaders may be raised up who will steer our grand old ship of state back into the smooth waters where it can again be truthfully said this is "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

**RAYMOND.**  
Wayne county Journal: The farmers who took advantage of the late favorable weather and sowed wheat did the proper thing as the wheat is coming up well and looks to be in good condition.

"You have basely deceived me; you told me when you married my daughter that you had money coming to you."

"Well—I mean the money I would get by marrying her."

#### THANKSGIVING.

When, in the year of grace 1630, sturdy God John Winthrop and the Puritan colonists of Massachusetts proclaimed and duly observed a "public Thanksgiving," they probably had little idea of the importance which that festival was destined to obtain in the history of America.

The first Thanksgiving differed very materially from its successors, in that it was proclaimed as a fast and not as a feast. Supplies had run short, the ships expected from England were delayed, and extinction threatened the "governor and company of Massachusetts bay in England." Winthrop and his council decided to have a day of prayer and abstinence, "so that the Lord be propitiated and look upon His servants with favor; in that they have humbled themselves before Him."

Accordingly, a cryer was sent about the primitive settlement of Charles town, and the colonists were each and all invited to take part in the fast. Their sacrifice met with speedy reward.

Scarcely had the hour of the allotted day arrived when the long hopper ship made its welcome appearance in Massachusetts bay, the cargo was landed and the fast was succeeded by a banquet of a sort which must have seemed sumptuous indeed to the exiles so recently plunged in hunger and hardships. On the threshold of dreaded winter Winthrop and his followers found what had been a prospect of fear and peril changed into one of happiness and hope. Such was America's first Thanksgiving, as celebrated 260 years ago. Thereafter each succeeding November was marked in the annals of the colony by a similar festival of gratitude.

But Thanksgiving in the early days of our history was not confined to the New England pioneers alone. Just fifteen years after Winthrop's proclamation, i. e., in 1645, Gov. Kneff, of the Dutch colony, then known as New Amsterdam, but now as New York, ordered the observance of a day of rejoicing and thanks "for the rest and peace which God had been pleased to bestow upon his servants." Thus we see that the feast of Thanksgiving is not, as generally supposed, a peculiarly Puritan institution, but is equally derived from the stalwart burghers of Manhattan Island.

The next notable Thanksgiving day in history fell in 1748. On that date the British and Colonial army, numbering 8,000 men, and commanded by Gen. Edward Braddock, and captured from the French, after a fierce struggle, Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. The name of the place was changed to Fort Pitt, and was the nucleus of the city of Pittsburgh. Thus, in a special sense, the history of the great capital of the coal and iron industries is connected with the celebration of Thanksgiving day.

At the same time as the British were conquering Fort Duquesne, Whitefield, the famous Methodist preacher, called upon all his adherents in London to join a "service of praise and thanksgiving for the victories of the English arms on land and sea." This British Thanks giving was, we are told, widely observed, and awakened intense enthusiasm, not only among the Methodists, but throughout all the different sects. Whitefield's idea was after ward on several occasions revived in England. For instance, in 1815 the Government proclaimed a general thanksgiving for the victory of Waterloo. Again, two years later, in 1817, proclamation was made of a popular thanksgiving for the restoration of peace. After the Crimean war a third jubilation of this nature took place.

But meanwhile, in New England, what had been begun as an occasional day of pious rejoicing, had assumed the proportions of a fixed national holiday. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire it was especially

popular. There was at first great latitude in regard to the day selected for the feast. Governors proclaimed the chosen date arbitrarily, and no effort was made to keep the anniversary of Winthrop's proclamation. Sometimes Thanksgiving occurred in July, sometimes in mid-winter. At length, through the efforts of the President and professors of Harvard college, it was practically fixed upon the last Thursday in November.

**Cut Off Too Soon.**  
"You kin talk about your shek-un's an' your gen'ies," said the old forty-niner to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "but that there Dick Ecker could make monkeys out o' all o' 'em. There never was noboddy as smart as him, an' if he was livin' these days I'd bet my pile he'd own the sugar trust an' have all the pros-ent owners workin' fur him at day's wages."

"After we'd scooped out 'nough dust to make life easy, Dick an' I an' some of the rest of us went down to Frisco just fur a little recreation. Maybe we didn't have it. The first night at the theater, Dick insisted on singin' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' an' preferin' that to the bark of his forty fours, they let him cut loose. Dick had a voice as strong as a high keyed locomotive whistle an' as sweet as a prima donna's. The crowd just went wild; there was nuthin' of the show but Dick's singin' after he started in."

"At the hotel he played poker with the landlord fur our expenses and then cleaned him out o' his bank roll. Next mornin' the boy got on a little too much spread o' canvas, called on some of the first families of the city, includin' the mayor, cut a Chinaman's hair, sent a cab man to the hospital, opened champagne at the hotel by shootin' the tops off o' the bottles, an' wouldn't go to bed, 'cept in the bridal chamber, where he sung all night."

"Next mornin' Dick kin down stairs in a black suit an' white cravat, as handson a lookin' feller as you ever see. When the landlord showed him a big bill o' damages fur breakin' 'nough bustin' the reputation of the house, Dick straightened up, looked insulted, an' said in a freezin' way: 'Don't you make a discount fur minsters?' Durned if he didn't, an' he made the bluff stick, too, by lettin' on to be sorry an' hopin' the matter would be kept quiet. If Dick hadn't tried to take a battery singlenda in the war he'd be president."

**His Disbelief.**  
The old man was quoting Scripture to the younger.  
"A short answer turneth away wrath," he said.

"Come off," exclaimed the young man in the most unexpected fashion, "don't give me anything like that. Anyhow, not just at present. The girl I have every reason to believe was about to be mine flew the track last night and said 'No' to me. Isn't that answer short enough and is there anything about it that you can discover which is calculated to sweeten a man's temper?" and the young man kicked an unoffending cat clean over the transom.

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And Weather Forecasts for 1898  
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The tables, reports, and bulletins, the official, historical, geographical, political and statistical summaries; the facts and figures upon commerce, circuits law and other financial matters; farm, business and educational information; household, hygienic, sanitary and veterinary directions and formulas; the immense aggregate of interesting, up-to-date and valuable data, in condensed form, on topics scarcely admitting of classification, are surprisingly complete and incomparably comprehensive, while their accuracy cannot be questioned.

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